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LITTLE EMPTY BOAT

RIGHT NOW I'M A ROAMING

SLACK HAIR (BAND VERSION)

and the second second

VIDEO

O YOU LOVE ME LIKE I LOVE YOU (PART 10: THE BOATMAN'S CALL)

INTO MY ARMS

TARE YOUR THE ONE THAT I'VE REEN WAITING FOR?

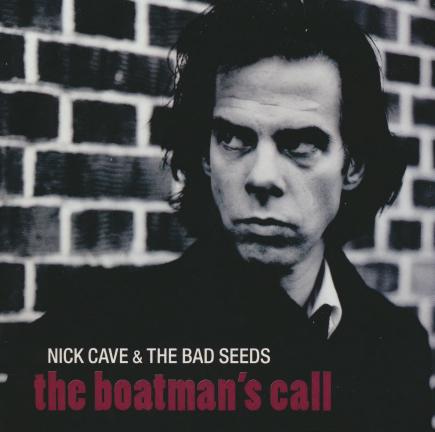
SUBTITLES: ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH











INTO MY ARMS

I don't believe in an interventionist God But I know, darling, that you do But II did I would kneel down and ask Hir Not to lottervene when it came to you Not to touch a hair on your head To leave you as you are And If He felt He had to direct you Then direct you into my arms

Into my arms, Q Lore Into my arms, O Lore Into my arms, O Lore Into my arms

And I don't believe in the existence of any But holding at you I wonder if that's true But iI I did I would summon them togethe And ask them to watch over you To each burn a candle for you. To make bright and clear your path And to walk, fike Christ, in grace and low And guide you into my arms.

Into my arms, O Lord Into my arms, O Lord Into my arms, O Lord Into my arms

But I believe in Love
And I know that you do too
And I believe in some kind of path
Thit we can walk down, me and you
So feep your candles burning
And make her journey bright and pure
That she will keep returning
Always and evermore

Into my arms, O Lord Into my arms, O Lord Into my arms, O Lord Into my arms

LIME TREE ARBOUR

The boatman calls from the lake A lone loon dives upon the water put my hand over hers Down in the lime tree arbour

The wind in the trees is whispering Whispering low that I love her She puts her hand over mine Dawn in the lime tree athour.

Through every breath that I breath
And every place I go
There is a hand that protects me
And I do love her so

There will always be suffering It flows through life like water I put my hand over hers Down in the lime tree arbour

he boatman he has gone and the loons have flown for cover he puts her hand over mine lown in the lime tree arbour

Through every word that I speak And every thing I know There is a hand that protects me And I do love her so

PEOPLE AIN'T NO GOOD

People just ain't no good I think that's well understood You can see it everywhere you lool People just ain't no good

We were married under cherry trees Under blossom we made our yows All the blossoms come sailing down Through the streets and through the playgrounds

The sun would stream on the sheet: Awoken by the morning bird We'd buy the Sunday newspapers And never read a single word People they ain't no good People they ain't no good People they ain't no good

easons came, seasons went
'he winter stripped the blossoms hare
I different tree now lines the streets
haking its fists in the air

The winter slammed us like a fist The windows rattling in the gales To which she drew the curtains Made out of her wedding veils

People they ain't no good People they ain't no good People they ain't no good

To our love send a dozen white lilies
To our love send a coffin of wood
To our love let all the pink-eyed pigeons
That people they just ain't no good
To our love send back all the letters
To our love a valentine of blood
To our love let all the jilted lovers cry
That people they just ain't no good

It ain't that in their hearts they're bad They can comfort you, some even try They nurse you when you're ill of health They bury you when you go and die

It ain't that in their hearts they're bad They'd stick by you if they could But that's just bullshit People just ain't no good

People they ain't no good People they ain't no good People they ain't no good People they ain't no good

BROMPTON ORATORY

Up those stone steps I climb Hail this joyful day's return Into its great shadowed vault I go Hail the Pentecostal morn

The reading is from Luke 24 Where Christ returns to his loved on look at the stone apostles Think that it's alright for some

And I wish that I was made of stor So that I would not have to see A beauty impossible to define A beauty impossible to believe

A beauty impossible to endure The blood imparted in little sips The smell of you still on my hands As I bring the cup up to my lips

No God up in the sky No devil beneath the sea Could do the job that you di Of bringing me to my knees

Outside I sit on the stone step.
With nothing much to do
Foriorn and exhausted, baby
By the absence of you

THERE IS A KINGDOM

Just like a bird
That sings up the sun
In a dawn so very dark
Such is rify faith for you
Such is rify faith for you
Such is way faith
And all the world's darkness
Can't swallow up
One single spark
Such is my love for you
Such is my love

There is a kingdom There is a king And He lives withou And He lives within

The starry heavens above to The mortal law within So the world appears So the world appears This day so sweet It will never come again So the world appears Through this mist of tears

There is a kingdom
There is a king
And He lives without
And He lives within
And He is everything

(ARE YOU) THE ONE THAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR?

'ye fek you coming, girl, as you drew near it knew you'd find me, cause I longed you here have you my destirif' is this how you'll appear? Wrapped in a coat with tears in your eyes? Will take that coat, babe, and throw it on the floor far you the one that I'ye been waiting for?

As you've been moving surely toward me My soul has comforted and assured me That in time my heart it will reward me And that all will be revealed So I've sat and I've watched an ice-age thaw Are you the one that I've been waiting for!

Out of sorrow entire worlds have been built Out of longing great wonders have been willed They're only little tears, darling, let them spill And lay your head upon my shoulder Outside my window the world has gone to war Are you the one that I've been waiting for?

O we will know, won't we? The stars will explode in the sky O but they don't, do they? Stars have their moment and then they dis

WHERE DO WE GO NOW BUT NOWHERE?

I remember a girl so very well.
The carnival drums all mad in the air
Grim reapers and skeletons and a missionary bell
O where do we go now but nowhere?

In a colonial hotet we fucked up the sun And then we fucked it dgym again Well the sun comes up and the sun goes down Going round and around to nowhere

The kitten that padded and purred on my lap Now swipes at my face with the paw of a bear I turn the other cheek and you lay into that O where do we go now but nowhere?

O wake up, my love, my lover, wake up O wake up, my love, my lover, wake up

Across clinical benches with nothing to talk Breathing tea and biscuits and the Serenity Praye While the bones of our child crumble like chalk O where do we so now but nowhere?

I remember a girl so hold and so bright Loose-limbed and laughing and brazen and bare Sits gnawing her knuckles in the chemical light O where do we so now but nowhere?

You come for me now with a cake that you've made Ravaged avenger with a clip in your hair Full of glass and bleach and my old razor blades O where do we go now but nowhere?

O wake up, my love, my lover, wake up

If they'd give me my clothes back then I could go home From this fresh, this clean, antiseptic air Behind the locked gates an old donkey moans O where do we go now but nowhere?

Around the duck pond we grimly mope Gloomily and mournfully we go round again And one more doomed time and without much hope Going round and around to nowhere

From the balcony we watched the carnival band. The crack of the drum a little child did scare. I can still feel his thy fingers pressed in my han. O where do we'go now but nowhere?

if I could relive one day of my life if I could relive just a single one You on the balcony, my future wife O who could have known, but no one

wake up, my love, my lover, wake up wake up, my love, my lover, wake up

WEST COUNTRY GIRL

And a near-osinged lace
Comes from the West country
Where the birds sing bass
She's got a house-big heart
Where we all live
And plead and counsel and forgive
Her widow's peak, her lips I've kissed
Her glove of bones at her wrist
That I have held in my, hand
Her Spanish fly and her monkey gland
Her Spanish fly and her monkey gland
Her Sodiy body and its fourteen stations
That I have embraced, her palpitations
Her unborn baby crying, 'Mummy'
Amiongst the rubble of her body
Her lovely lidded eyes I've sipped
Her fingernalis, all pink and chipped
Her accent which I'm told is 'broad'
That I have heard and has been poured
Into my human heart and filled me
With love, up to the brim, and killed me
And rebuilt me back anew
With something to look forward to
Well, who could ask much more than that'
A West country gid with a big fat cat
That looks into her eyes of green
And meows, 'the loves you', then meows agal

BLACK HAIR

Last night-my kisses
Were bankes in black hair
And in my bed, my lover,
Her hair was midnight black
And all her mystory dwelled
Within her black hair
And her black hair framed
A happy heart-shaped face
And heavy-hooded eyes
Inside her black hair
Shined at use from the depths
Of her hair of deepast black
While my fingers pushed inch
Her straight black hair
Pulling her black hair back
From her happy heart-shaped it
To kits her milk-white throad,
A dark curtain of black hair
Smothered me, my lover
With her beautiful black hair
The smell of it is heavy
It is charged with life

The smell of her black hair Upon my pillow Where her head and all its Black hair did rest Today she took a train to the We Today she took a train to the We Today she took a train to the We

IDIOT PRAYER

As they're talding me down, my frien And as they usher me off to my end Will I bid you adieu? Or will 3 be seeing you soon? If what they say around here is true Then we'll meet again Me and you.

My time is at hand, my dove
They're gunna pass me to that house abot
Is Heaven just for victims, dear?
Where only those in pain go?
Well it takes two to tango
We will meet again, my love.
I honey.

If you're in Heaven then you'll forgive me, dea Because that's what they do up there But if you're in Hell, then what can I say You probably deserved it anyway J. guess I'm gunna find out any day For we will meet again

Your face comes to me from the depths, dea Your silent mouth mouths, Yes', dear Dark red and big with blood They're gunna shut me down, my love They're gunna launch me into the stars Well, all things come to pass Yeah, Glory Halletolah

This prayer is for you, my love Sent on the wings of a dove An idiot prayer of empty words Love, dear, is strictly for the bird We each get what we deserve My little snow white dove Rost assured

FAR FROM ME

For you I was raised up
For you I was raised up
For you I am dying now
You were my mad little lover
In a world where everybody fucks everybody else over
You who are so
Far from me
So far from me
Way across some cold neurotic sea.

would talk to you of all manner of things
With a smile you would reply
Then the sun would leave your pretty face
And you'd retreat from the front of your eyes
I keep hearing that you're doing your best
I hope your heart beats happy
In your infant breast
You are so far from me
Far from me
Far from me

There is no knowledge but I know it
There's nothing to learn from that vacant voice
That sails to me across the line
From the ridiculous to the sublime
It's good to hear you're doing so well
But really can't you find somebody else that you can ring and tell
Did you ever care for me!

You told me you'd stick by me
Through the thick and through the thin
Those were your very words
My fair-weather friend
You were my brave-hearted lover
At the first taste of trouble went running back-to n
So far from me
Far from me
Suspended in your bleak and fishless sea
Far from me

GREEN EYES

Kiss the again, relitss the and kiss the Slip your frigid hands beneath my shirt This useless old fucker with his twinkling cunt Doesn't care if he gets hurt

ireen eyes, green eyes ireen eyes, green eyes

f it were but a matter of faith f it were measured in petitions and prayer the would materialise, all fleshed out but it is not, nor do f care

reen eyes, green eyes ireen eyes, green eyes

So hold me and hold me, don't tell me your name. This morning will be wise; than this evening is. Then leave me to my elemited dreams. And be quiet as you are leaving, Miss.

Green eyes, green eyes Green eyes, green eyes The Boatman's Call

"I wrote Brompton Oratory on an old Casio keyboard. I played it to my friend, Mick Geyer: I really enjoyed it. Mick, I'm afraid, had his doubts. But I Just liked it, the crappy little drum machine and the whole thing played on that broken-down keyboard. It created a pleasing counterpoint to the gothic majesty of the lyric."

Nick Cave, December 2009

Murder Ballads was a diabolical behemoth, awash with death and destruction on the grandest scale imaginable. That was its truth. There were no rocks to look under, no dark corners to illuminate, and no layers of flesh to peel back. But as that album came together, Nick Cave was wrangling a different beast altogether - writing songs that were, in many ways, the antithesis of everything that had come before. Sparse, haunting, beautiful and confessional, the scratchings that began life in the shadows of the Murder Ballads would burst forth, delicate and trembling, on 1997's The Boatman's Call.

"We were making the Murder Ballads record," Cave recalls, "but at the same time I was writing a series of songs that went wholly different. As we were mixing that album I went into an adjoining studio with Marty [Casey] and Tommy [Wydler] and a piano and laid down a group of songs that were quiet and introspective."

From ideas to more fully framed pieces, those compositions gestated during 1995, and by the end of the year the band were together in London. Some of what transpired during these early sessions would stick, and in July 1996 the band decamped to London's legendary Abbey Road Studios to record. It was clear, very early on, that this would be a markedly different Bad Seeds album.

The Abbey Road studios were, according to guitarist Blixa Bargeld, "loaded with history. I liked the room. The room is the most important feature of a recording studio but for the way we were working - and especially for me - it wasn't ideal."

The album was to be recorded simply and straight - often the first take was the final take and it would be minimal. This was difficult at times for Bargeld, but to solve that problem he says, "I built myself a little shack within the giant room and I had a separate mixing desk for myself downstairs, so that I could play whatever came to me at any given moment without necessarily being on the backing track. For me, there is a lot of trial and error. I try different things, then slowly spiral in on a particular idea. I had access to all the other channels so I could manipulate everybody else's sound while they were playing without them hearing it. I was able to play and they wouldn't hear me."

It was a uniquely different experience. It was interesting, violinist Warren Ellis says, to see the musicians come together within the framework set out for the sessions. "The songs were rhythmically driven in a very different way." Drummer Thomas Wydler remembers, "having to slow way down. In the end it was simple and easy, but I have never played so slow!"

Ellis picks up on that. "The way Tommy played was extraordinary. He's a very gentle percussion player and put an amazing dynamic in; he's not obliterating the kit. It really allowed for him to bring a very deft expression into the material as well."

Mick Harvey explains that to make this album was "to approach the music in a different way; especially coming out of the Murder Ballads because that was a free for all where the band expected to play and come up with ideas throughout the sessions. Here, the music was restricted and what was played needed to be absolutely essential. The band demonstrated how much empathy they had with Nick and what he was trying to do, rather than just forcing their own hand."

Percussionist Jim Sclavunos adds, "I guess the most challenging part of it was to be patient. Musicians are naturally eager to play and so it is difficult to restrain yourself sometimes from the enthusiasm of playing. But, it was really great to be forced to not be taking action all the time and to really listen - intensively and microscopically- and that's what we were doing. We examined the takes very carefully and there was a lot of focus on nuance. I'm very proud of that album."

He continues, "It is a very special moment of the band's existence, and Nick's existence as a songwriter. It's another strategy for defying expectation and it was those kinds of songs that were coming out of him. More importantly, he was feeling very introspective and it's hard to convey introspection with a cavalcade of people banging things and strumming away in the background. It doesn't feel very intimate, so you have to strip it down."

Ellis concurs, "It's a real pure sound. The instruments have a very pure sound and the vocal is very pure. The vocal is very unaffected, unforced. It has a beautiful tone. It's a tone, I think, that Nick had always had and something that has really followed him through since then."

Cave had a very clear vision of what he wanted to accomplish, "It was the first album I made that was obviously self-referential. The songs dramatized a certain aspect of my life and though it worked well on Boatman's Call, it's something that I was reluctant to do again. There's great value in those sorts of songs but there is also something about elevating your own ordinary situation into something heroic that, in the end, I was uncomfortable with."

With such personal songs to hand, there was now a necessity to shift the music. Although there were grumblings at times about what that would entail for the Bad Seeds, Cave was adamant. "Keep it simple. Keep it spare. Don't play," were Cave's instructions.

So what exactly were these songs? What exactly was this album? From the moment it hit the street, The Boatman's Call was awash in voyeuristic speculation. People, it seemed, couldn't get enough of trying to figure out who these songs were about, or who they were for. Ultimately, however, the answers to those questions aren't all that important for anyone but the writer himself. This album can be called a collection of letters addressed to very specific people. They are personal - to Cave - and for the most part remain so. But widen the scope a little and the lyrics are pertinent to the everyman, evoking reaction and emotions that are universal. Most importantly, though, The Boatman's Call is the sound of Cave enjoying his finest hour; open, empty, rich and naked - a volume of poetry set to music.

"Into My Arms" opens the album with song as prayer - written, Cave explains, "on an old piano in a dry-out clinic. I'm often writing about what I need rather than what I have. It's always been that way. Writing becomes a kind of ballast - a stabilizing force in my life."

Cave admits he was deeply embroiled in the New Testament at the time these songs were written and the themes of redemption, intervention and Biblical iconography pepper the set. "There are more overtly Christian concerns on this album. At that time I was genuinely seduced by much of what I had been reading in the New Testament – which I approached initially as a literary text, you understand. At that time the words of Christ had a huge impact over me."

"There is A Kingdom," "Far From Me" and "Brompton Oratory" all go far in splaying open wide Cave's own cathartic connection with a God, his God, any God at all. Of the three songs, though, it's the latter that best details how the sessions were taking a different tack. The instrumentation is sparse, as Wydler wields maracas and Bargeld says that his "guitar combined with the rhythm machine and created a great sounding thine."

And as much as Cave was influenced by what he was reading, for the first time in his lyrics came the overt, heartrending and poignant glimpses of what was going on in his personal life as well.

But even if you do take away any personal connection, any connotation of who and where, still we are left to revel in material that transcends the simple art of song, where lyrics and music become fragile and strong in the same breath, where the space between words says almost as much as the words themselves say.

And even though many would choose to paint this album with a gloomy brush, there are prodigious moments of love and contentment; indeed those are some of the central and driving forces throughout The Boatman's Call, tempering the gravelly discomfort of songs like "Where Do We Go Now But Nowhere?" and "Idiot Prayer" with their own intimation that love and contentment come with a price.

There is a sense of profound fragility in the human experience that underpins the songs. From the wistful and sometimes caustic melancholy of "People Ain't No Good," the late addition "Far From Me" and on to the absolutely haunting closer, "Green Eyes," the album unreels moments that are universal touchstones for anyone who has walked a mile in their own shoes.

Although Cave's delicate piano accompaniment dominates much of the set, there is an interesting sidestep on "Green Eyes," which spotlights a seemingly odd instrument. Sclavunos calls it his melodica moment. "I found one at the Portobello flea market and picked it up and thought 'oh - that's kind of goofy looking, I wonder if that'll be any good.' I bashfully brandished in front of Nick and gave it a little toot and when they were done laughing they let me go in there and have a go with it. I was convinced that they were taking the piss and it ended up on the record."

"Lime Tree Arbour," meanwhile, is a deft collection of strong images that speak to the safety of a lover. Of this song Cave says, "It has a beautiful bass line." Harvey, who played it, agrees.

NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS the boatman's call



CD 2011 REMASTERED EDITION







NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS

the boatman's call





DVD







